eat too quickly. He found indigestion the crying evil of the day, and, in battling with it, led a crusade against tea.

Marie Antoinette's famous poplar, which the unhappy Queen herself planted at the Little Trianon, fell to the ground during a recent sterm. It had survived the royal lady just about one hundred years.

Coquelin told a San Francisco reporter that he feared some of the French actors were becoming too natural in their efforts to portray nature. "I like the natural of art," said he, "but I like not the natural of nature."

Prof. J. F. Johnson, who is conducting a department of journalism in the University of Pennsylvania, wishes "to say distinctly that this course will not turn out journalists, but men fit to enter the profession as intelligent beginners.'

Professor Scrinzi, of Venice, continuing his researches among the collections of the Venetian patricians, has succeeded in dis-covering what remains of the long-lost treasures of the Nani family, known as the Musaeum Nanianum

Jacob Junk, aged eighty-three years, of Milwaukee, has brought suit for divorce against his wife on the ground that she makes life a burden to him; that she takes away his spectacles; does not allow him sufficient bed clothing and treats him generally with the greatest contempt. If I were a dramatist, says an observing

woman, I would never write a long scene in which women alone were concerned. I don't care how sweet or well modulated their voices may be, a number of them heard together in a scene long sustained creates a feeling of nervousness in a great Mrs. Pratt, of Brooklyn, widow of Charles

Pratt, founder of Pratt Institute, Miss Pratt and Mr. George D. Pratt leave on Saturday on a tour around the world, taking with them as a guest Prof. Benjamin K. Emerson, of Amherst College, who was so badly injured in a railway accident in Ohio last summer.

The Manchester (N. H.) Union says: "Postmaster Leavitt, of Portsmouth, received a handsome piece of paper from the authorities at Washington, a short time ago, in the shape of a draft. It was as nicely engraved as a bank note. The draft was on ex-Postmaster W. O. Sides, and was for the amount of 1 cent."

The new Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Uhl, is a country boy. His parents are plain farmer folks, who live near Ypsilanti. Mich. He saw some very tough times when going to college at Ann Arbor, Mich. He used to walk from Ypsilanti to Ann Arbor, a distance of ten miles, every Monday morning, returning home on foot every Friday night. The object of this was to save a board bill over Sunday.

Underwear made to order is one of the latest fads of fashion. The shirts are mostly made to put on like a coat, instead of to be dragged over the head, as of old. Indeed, coat-shaped dress shirts and night robes have become so common just lately in swell shops as to be almost considered the only correct thing. Quite a number of innovations in the form of the time-hon-ored white shirt have been made since

Studio life in New York is still a somewhat feeble imitation of the same thing in Paris, though there is a constantly increasing number of artists who eat and sleep in their studios. A few young women art students have so far braved the conventionalities as to set up housekeeping in their studios, while others, although lodging, dining and breakfasting elsewhere, prepare their own luncheons in their working apart-

The football season's come again, It's ghastly work's begun; They gouge each other's ears and eyes, And break their ribs, and shins, and thighs, And have no end of fun. -Kansas City Journal.

At twenty he was satisfied There wasn't much to learn; He knew so much already that It gave him great concern. At forty he had ascertained His knowledge was but small At sixty he with meekness owned That he had none at all. -Kansas City Journal.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

For the Democrats, this is more than an "off" year. It's awful .- Atlanta Journal. G. Cleveland seems to be the power behind the throne .- Pittsburg Chronicle-Tele-

Two women often kiss each other when

both of them would prefer not to do so. Love was the first to dream of immortality, and as long as we love we shall hope.

The more the professors try to suppress football the more the students kick .- Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Grover Save the Queen" will undoubt-

edly be the new Hawaiian national hymn. -Washington Post. Really, it looks as if the Bank of England were becoming too American, you know. -Cincinnati Enquirer.

Newed-My wife is the dearest little woman on earth. Olbach-How much does she cost you?-Detroit Free Press. If I were to begin the world again, and

knew just what I know now, I would never write a verse.—Alexander Pope. "Say, dad, how is it that my hair has grown longer than yours, when yours has grown longer than mine?"-Truth.

It is a consolation when another man is in trouble to think that it will prove a valuable lesson to him.-Atchison Globe. The dead walls in Honolulu will soon blaze forth with advertisements of the Cleveland-Gresham Queen restorer.-Washington Post.

If there are any diplomatic positions that have not been sold Mr. Cleveland might of-fer one to Judge Maynard.—Denver Times, If a man will keep working at his conscience he can finally get it so it will shtetch or contract like India rubber.-Galveston

All will be forgiven if Mr. Van Alen is recalled from Rome and made embassador at the court of Queen Liliuokalani.-Milwau-It is a noticeable fact that the melancholy

individual who says he doesn't care whether he lives or dies always wears a chest protector and gum shoes.-Philadel-Some men have an idea they will some day walk in the streets of glory because they now and then give away an old coat.

-Ram's Horn. A nice spectacle it is that Gresham is making of himself. So does the history of renegades repeat itself .- New York Com-

mercial Advertiser. The Queen of Hawaii could not have had a livelier time if she had been a member of the world's fair board of lady managers.

-Washington Star. So long as the Presbyterian Church leaves the Briggs switch open, head-end collisions may be looked for in the New York Presbytery .- Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Methodists have decided to use rigid economy in missionary work. Probably they will send only their leanest brethren to the cannibal islands.-Chicago Post.

Some Stage Lovers.

New York Commercial Advertiser. I have been watching the leading actors in New York since the theatrical season opened, and have come to the conclusion that "Eddie" Sothern is the best lover on the stage to-day. I don't know how he is off the stage, but across the footlights his manner seems most winsome. They do say that there are a score of matinee girls hopelessly in love with him. I cannot abide Henry Miller as a lover. He is ever so self-conscious. He is never soft or purring. All women like lovers who do the unexpected. I have always thought it ridiculous for Joe Holland to try to make love, and Faul Artnur and Bob Hilliard drive me insane. If they should act the same in real life as they do on the stage, I would go mad. By the way, if you want to see a fine bit of acting watch Nat Goodwin just as the curtain descends in the last act of "In Mizzoura," when he turns from the girl he has always loved, the blacksmith's daughter, conscious of his triumph, for he has known for some time that she has loved him; but he is not too eager to let those about him, or even the girl, see that he is the victor. It is one of the most effective bits of love making I have seen in many a day. It is not necessary for a man to hug and squeeze a woman and slobber all over her to show that he is in love. There is the language of the hand, the eye, the mouth, and the softness of the voice that tells its own story ar better than smacking kisses and lackadaisical sighs.

The windmill serves many purposes, and after a man once has one on his farm he ever after wonders how he managed to get slong without it. It will raise water for stock, grind and chop the feed and irrigate the garden. There are few farms where they will not well repay their cost.

party to whom the check was paid. He did not lose any time, but went quietly to the official and said: "I hear that you are short \$900—is it \$60?"

"Yes," was the answer. "and it has given

SOME SHORT STORIES

Tales and Incidents Picked Up About the City.

Hot Experiences of Firemen-Rectified a Costly Mistake-Othello by a White Man.

"The most horrible feeling that I ever had to come over me," said an old member of the fire department, several days ago, while spinning stories, "was at the time of the Reed fire, on South Mississippi street, several years ago. We did not know that there were any people in the second story of the house, but when the flames were at their fiercest and the smoke was belching out of the windows some one remembered that there had been two servants in the place and that they had not been seen during the evening. I was ordered to go up to the front window and search the story the best I could in the smoke. I was soon up a small ladder, which did not quite reach to the sill of the upper window. In order to swing myself up into the room I reached inside the window to get a hold on the inside of the sill. My hand came in contact with a hand. I thought some unfortunate woman has been stupefled by the smoke, and so I grasped her wrist firmly, intending to drag her out to the ladder. Much to my horror, the flesh peeled off her arm and I slipped back on the ladder, almost losing my balance and falling to the ground. It was three days before I could eat.

"A singular fact, however, is that the odor of burning flesh is not nauseating, as many a fireman knows," went on the old fireman. "I have been in rooms where people have been burned, and the odor was far from being offensive. It is, indeed, rather pleasant for a fireman to work in a barn or a stable where horses are burning, as far as the atmosphere is concerned. This is strange, and somewhat revolting, but it is true, nevertheless. Do you remember the fire in the old medical college, formerly at the corner of Pennsylvania and Market streets? When we went up into that college we found a huge vat full of pickled corpses, some of them packed in salt or some other preservative. The dissecting tables were covered with dismembered bodies, and here and there an arm or a leg could be picked up off the floor. The greenish-yellow smoke in the room, through which we could see the outlines of these ghastly forms, made a grewsome sight. We saved nearly all those corpses, however. That was the time that the water supply funked while the boys were on the roof with three nozzles turned to the flames. The department got the blame for not putting that fire under control, although the fault clearly rested

with the water works. "Yes," went on the story teller, "a fireman sees a great many things that would try the heart of most men. An outsider does not know what risk a fireman takes at a big fire and how he suffers from the smoke and heat. Many of them are overcome. Joe Gasper, who was in the depart-ment years ago, nearly lost his life in the Vajen & New fire from this. It is not painful to be overcome by smoke. How did

it feel when you was overcome, Joe? Gasper was standing near by. "I did not know how it felt," answered the man to whom the query was addressed, 'It was not painful, I know. I was in the heat and smoke, working away so strenuously that I did not notice the danger. The last I remember was a breath of hot air striking my face, and then all was blank. When I came too at my home a day after-wards I had the biggest head I ever had. No remarks, now, gentlemen, about it. My head went down within a week—and it was not cut off. My life was saved in a singular manner at that fire. Before going into the building I rolled up my trousers on the out-side of my rubber boots. The boys did not know where I was when I fell over inside, and it might have been that I would have died there had not the boys begun to pull out the hose that I had carried in with me. In pulling out the hose a hook on the nozzle caught the roll of my trousers and I went out with the hose. Some years ago the department had

human thermometer for these places made dangerous by smoke and heat. The ther-mometer was none other than Mike Slavin. He could stand more smoke and heat than any man who has been in the department. When he had to quit a room full of smoke the boys knew it was of no use for any one else to try to go inside Another fact in local department annals s that there has been no serious church fire in Indianapolis in which the building has not been burned to the ground.

John H. Martin, formerly connected with the Big Four railway, in this city, now business manager for Mr. Robert Mantell, the actor, tells the following good story with a Southern dialect that it must have taken him some time to learn to imitate so

"'Will you please tell me where bouts 'round here I can find Mr. Mantell's manager at?' was the way a tall, slender, slightly stooped-shouldered, narrow-chested man, whose clothing indicated a home in a | time, as fond as he is of that class of provincial town, accosted the ticket-taker in the theater in Chicago, in which Mr. Mantell was playing. The ticket-taker pointed me out to him, whereupon he handed me a card on which was printed A- B-, -A -Ga., indicating that he was a reporter on a Georgia paper. As he handed me the card he said: 'I came hea' sah, to see Mr. Mantell's version of "Othello," sah. I have hea'd tell that he plays a version of "Othello" that is peculiar and original with himself. Now, I would like to see it, sah, and write it up fo' my paper. Our people are peculiar about "Othello," and I feel satisfied that they would be very much interested in any departure from the well-known methods of presenting this play. A few years ago a troupe came to our town and advertised to play "Othello." In the audience were some of our very best people—ladies and gentle-men who would be such, sah, at all times, but when they discovered that "Othello" was a buck nigger they, of course, were not pleased, and when this buck nigger proceeded to strangle the beautiful white lady who was playing Desdemona, their indignation knew no bounds, sah, and if that troupe hadn't got out o' town there would probably have been serious trouble, sah. Now, if you will kindly extend the courtesy of the house to me and my friend here, sah, I shall be pleased, through the medium of my paper, to let our people know all about Mr. Mantell's conception "I told him if he would allow me to

search him for deadly weapons I would be pleased to give him a couple of seats, from which he and his friend could enjoy Mr. Mantell's 'Othello.' He gave me his assurance as a gentleman that he had no weapons upon his person, and I let him go in. suppose he was suited with Mr. Mantell's 'Othelio,' at least there was no disturbance in the audience that night, and I have heard of no severe criticism on Mr. Man-tell's 'Othello' emanating from a Georgia

A couple of days before the suspension of the Indianapolis National Bank, a wellknown citizen, in attending to some business matters for an absent friend, received an intimation, sent to him by mail, that if he, the absent man, had any funds in the Indianapolis National he had better draw them out. Now it happened that a few days before the gentleman who received the warning for his friend became the possessor of a \$500 check on that bank in addition to a small personal account which he kept with it. The next day he went to the bank and presented the check, asking for five one-hundred-dollar bills. They were thrown out to him, and, without noticing them in particular, he took them to his office, put them in an envelope and deposited them in his safe. He also drew a part of his deposit, leaving yet about \$200. The next day the bank sus-

A few days later, having an opportunity to lend his \$500, he took the bills out of the envelope, when lo and behold, there were four one-hundred-dollar bills and one one-thousand-dollar bill. Instead of keeping the discovery a secret, he took into his confidence a couple of friends. One of them, who knew the people about the bank, was to make inquiries if any of them pay-ing out money was short. He made the inquiry and found that the particular officer who paid the five-hundred-dollar check was \$909 short, and could not account for it, although he had devoted hours to the

The friend reported his discovery to the party to whom the check was paid. He

me as much worry as anything in my life. I am short \$909." "I think I have the \$900," was the cool reply of the caller;" but there was a bal-ance due me when the bank suspended of over \$200. Can't I take that from the \$900 and pay you the rest." "It would be impossible," said the clerk;
"the \$900 will be my loss, for I am responsible for the funds charged to me to dis-

"Well," was the quick response, "I shall feel much better to lose the \$200 I left in the bank than to know that I have \$900 of your money.' The citizen then gave the bank sofficial That citizen's name is General George F McGinnis. But those who know him would

have been greatly surprised if he had done

anything else.

The comrades were unusually lively at Thomas Post the other night, and many excellent stories, more or less imaginative, were told. Adjutant-general Robbins told one at the expense of Rev. Dr. Lucas, which caused much quiet merriment. Not long ago a veteran died in one of the suburbs, and Comrade Lucas was given the hasty call to attend the funeral. "When we got there," said the Adjutant-general, "it was a little late, and as I did not know that Chaplain Lucas was not acquainted with the deceased, we allowed him to proceed with the services. He prayed for the bereaved widow and the fatherless children with fervency and feeling. He then followed with an address in which he spoke words of comfort to the widow, and told the orphans of the pride which was theirs that in the future they could think that their father had faithfully served his country. It was really the most appropriate address and prayer for such an occasion that I ever listened to, and I have heard a great many. But, as a matter of fact, the deceased comrade had never been married and was known by everybody in the community to be rather eccentric for his habit of avoiding women. Some of those present retired to smile, while Chaplain Lucas was addressing the widow and

A considerable laughter rather at the ex-pense of Chaplain Lucas followed. When it had subsided he rose and said: "Yes, comrades, the story of Comrade Robbins is a true one, and I hasten to declare its truthfulness, because I fear that I shall never again have an opportunity to confirm any other statement that the comrade may make.' And this time the laughter was not at the expense of the pastor of the Central Christian Church.

Judge B., of Hammond, Ind., is a justice of the peace, is big hearted, and has a way of speaking of things as they appear to him. Before the last presidential election he used his influence, without avail, on a neighbor to get him not to vote for free trade, free coinage, etc., but the man voted as his father had done before him, and in less than sixty days lost his job. He went west during the last harvest, worked for 50 cents and his board per day. After he came back home he and his son-in-law, who had also been thrown out of work, watched their chance and walked all the way to Alabama and back, failing to get one day's work dur-ing the trip, which was made on \$10 belonging to the son-in-law. On the 4th of November he had Judge B. fill out his peusion voucher. When it was done he asked the Judge how much he charged for his trouble, and received the following answer: "When a man is fool enough to vote the Democratic ticket and lose his job, and comes to draw a few dollars pension money I am not going to take any of it away from him."

"I don't want you to say another word," said the pensioner, as he gathered up his papers and started out with his eyes blinded

Wednesday morning the delivery wagon of one of the express companies, piled high with merchandise and articles not merchandise, stopped on Pennsylvania street near the postoffice. "Hell fire, hell fire." was the emphatic half-human utterance which came from the interior of the "Hell fire, hell peated the unseen voice, and the bootblack in the vicinity stepped back in fright to hear such a cry on the coldest morning of the season. "Hell fire, hell fire, take me out," again came from the midst of the wagon load in an unearthly voice, and the superstitious stepped back. "What ye got there?" was demanded of the driver when he appeared to take up the reins. One of the biggest and ugliest parrots in America," was the response; "we put the goods around his cage to keep him from being chilled." "Hell fire, hell fire, d-n you," was the shrick as the wagon started

One of the most formidable tasks of the day in newspaper work is probably that of keeping track of the legal or illegal gyrations of the more or less famous Harry Crawford, who, like his godfather, the poet scout, is fond of skirmishing all along the line of railroad receiverships. His actions are made more mysterious at times by the able-bodied assistance of the more or less distinguished clerk of the Supreme Court, A. M. Sweeney, who will at times be so accommodating as to make appointments with Mr. Crawford after business hours for the filing of documents that it would seem might as well be filed in the daytime. Only the other day Mr. Crawford came down with a transcript which, by appointment with Mr. Sweeney, he managed to get in after office hours. There is no evidence that Mr. Sweeney received any extra fee for his overmoneys which, under the head of "extra charges," fill his hungry and slightly grasp-

DOWN A MOUNTAIN'S SIDE.

Wild Ride of Trackmen on a Hand Car -A Leap of 300 Feet.

HAZELTON, Pa., Nov. 17 .- The Beaver Meadow branch of the Lehigh Valley railroad was to-day the scene of a thrilling accident in which seven men narrowly escaped instant death. It was about noon when track foreman Eck, with six Hungarian laborers, boarded a hand car at Beaver Meadow, intending to reach Hazel Creek before the express would leave there. The road is marked by a two-per-cent. grade, with heavy curves skirting many deep ravines. They were going at a lively rate of speed about half way down when the brake chain broke. The men immediately lost control of the truck and, like a flash, it rushed down the mountain side. Afraid to jump, and realizing their danger, the men cried wildly for assistance. Many persons along the road watched them in nelpless horror. Just as the curve above Hazel Brook was reached, and on the edge of a high embankment, snap went the forward wheel, and, in an instant, the truck. with its freight, was precipitated to the bottom of the bank, 300 feet below. Andrew Konitz was taken from the wreck dead. Mike Moriarity was fatally injured. Foreman Eck suffered severe contusions on the body and head. Joe Taurenz had his legs broken and head cut. The other three men escaped with severe but not dangerous in-

DECEIVED A MOTHER.

Revelations at the Investigation of the Elmira, N. Y., Reformatory.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17 .- To-day the committee of the State Board of Charities met here to investigate charges of cruelty against General Superintendent Brockway, of the Elmira Reformatory. Oscar Craig, president, Dr. Stephen Smith and Edward Litchfield and other members of the committee were present. The first important witness was a Mrs. Mahoney, mother of Daniel Mahoney, who died in the reforma-tory on March 14. His mother says she heard of her son's death three months aft-erward. She sent for the clothes, papers and the body, but alleges that these were refused her. On April 28 she received a let-ter from her son stating: "Mother, don't fret; I am in good health." She then wrote to Mr. Brockway, she said, and she alleges that she got an answer stating that he was in good health, but had been reduced to the lower order. She could not see him for three months. He was actually dead at the time. They refused to send her the body because it was inconvenient to exhume bodies in

The Washington Social Season. Letter in Philadelphia Inquirer.

The impression is very strong among the society leaders of experience that the season of 1894 will not be as pronounced in its gayeties as many which have preceded it in the past twenty-five years.

The wife of the President and Cabinet ladies, who usually set the pace of polite festivities, already feel themselves badly handicapped. Mrs. Cleveland has domestic responsibilities which did not take up her id not lose any time, but went quietly to he official and said: "I hear that you are hort \$900—is it so?"

"Yes," was the answer. "and it has given time six or seven years ago. More recently the disheartening effect of such a pronounced reflux wave of public opinion against the methods and purposes of the

party in power has disturbed the equanimity of the social side which they represent.

In a recent conversation Mrs. Cleveland said that she would be entirely unable to undergo the strain of state receptions and public afternoon drawing rooms as during her former experience in the executive mansion. She did not, however, intend to exclude herself entirely from her friends but would invite them to such quiet entertainments as would be enjoyable to themselves and give her more time to pass with them in personal intercourse. If it were thought prudent, she might give one or two drawing rooms, but that was still a matter of

A NIGHT WITH THE BOYS. (Nonsense Rhymes.)

A traveled tramp, one Saturday night, Back in a kitchen, by candle light, And a cozy fire of hickory wood, That sparkled as oright as ever it could, And winked and blinked at the outside

And blushed abashed with a ruddy glow, After a supper of savory food, That filled him with a kindly mood .-Recalling may be to his mind Some happy scene he had left behind, Before his fate forced him to roam, And when he lived and loved at home,-Out of the street, away from the noise, Gathered about him the neighbor boys, And told them stories wondrous wise, To which they listened with pleased sur-About the circus with three rings, And clowns, that made the people roar,

With jokes not older than three score:

About lions, dogs, and monkeys, too;

Buffalo Bill and the Wandering Jew;

And the whale that swallowed a man,

How an elephant once got drunk

And lost his tail inside his trunk:

And spewed him out, and how he ran: How baby fishes from their schools Oft played hookey against the rules: And about tigers in their lairs Living on bobtails and two pairs. And growing big on fat jackpots, And how they deftly change their spots; And about the hullabaloos Making lies and calling it news. About high tariff, in places lonely, Robbing just for revenue only; How politicians that tell the truth Die forthwith for shame forsooth: And how the foolish Anarchist, With bombs thinks he's an Alchemist, And can make gold, and all things right By lawless use of dynamite: How once an actor in a play Acted his part in a natural way: How once a singer quit the stage Before her voice betrayed her age.

And farewelled once-not any more,-Before her larynx pied the score: Of dwarfs, and giants and snaring grins Old and ugly as mortal sins: About the Brownies with almond eyes, And Trolls-the cutest sinners born .-That filch their neighbors wine and corn, And when they raise the hue and cry Just hie away invisibly, And paint the town a rosy red, While good folks are asleep in bed: And how the busy bees make honey, Selling it for bags of money, And sting the thieves that rob their hives, And put their legs in twisted gyves: How twenty blackbirds in a ple Ate up the crust and said "good-bye:" How three men went into a fire, And braved its flames all hot and dire Without the crisping of a hair And without roasting-even rare: How the mad camel humped his back, And ran off on a desert track, With a swaying, gliding motion Like a ship upon the ocean, And so went bowling over the sea On a sandy cruise to Nyanze: How the cow sailed over the moon With a dairy maid in a big balloon And visited friends on the Milky Way, And ffirted with bears on Aurora Plaza: How girls afar in Hindustan

Must never look at boy nor man,

Although they say, they're rather clever,

And don't look, or rarely ever: How crickets sing with their hind legs, And cheat like smoke at mumbly-pegs: About fairies, elfs, and phantoms, too, And owls that say, 'o-wit, to-who: About the woes of the green Sprucegum That wedded the gay Chrysanthemum: And mermaids taking a jolly sail Astride the back of a Greenland whale: And badest bears, and bravest boys, And old Kris Kingle with his toys: And the crazy man that had the feel, Inside his head, of the Ferris wheel, And jumped on to a grocery shelf, And really, truly swallowed himself; With merry jests, full many score, And whimsey tales and quaint folk-lore, The traveled tramp regaled the boys, And made them happy till the noise of the bell broke up their heaven, Pealing out the stroke eleven:-

Homeward they ran where lights shone

bright:-

The tramp went out into the Night, And dreamt of happy little boys! Just once for all are youthful joys! Alas, for me! -Alas, for you! Pity it is that it is true,— Just once for all are youthful joys! And thinking of life's strife and pain, Ah! would we all were boys again! With all life's sorrows and its fret, Our childhood let us not forget; Remembering too, our little friends, Make up to them, with big amends The loss we feel, as we grow gray, Of the happy hours now far away-Lighten their cares with tale and song And laughter too, the whole day long. Their hereafter we cannot tell: Fate is cruel; alas! Ah, well! Or praise or blame may come, who knows: Life always is beset with foes! Brighten their lives with tale and song,

Youth is too short, or life too long! -CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN. Indianapolis.

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RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.



TRAINS RUN AS FOLLOWS :

Daily, † Daily, except Sunday. Columbus, Ind., and Louisville \*3.35 am \*11.00 am Philadelphia and New York 4.50 am 10.15 pm
Baltimore and Washington 10.15 pm
Dayton and principle 1 10.50 am 10.15 pm
Marti sville and Vincennes 17.45 am 5.05 pm
Richmond and Columbus, O. 18.00 cm 13.20 pm
Madison and Louis lite 15.05 am 15.50 pm
Dayton and Columbus 11.45 am 16.00 am
Logansport and 16.22 cm 11.5 am 16.00 am
Logansport and 16.22 cm 11.5 am 16.50 pm
Columbus, Ind., and Louisville 16.00 pm 12.45 pm
Baltimore and Washing on 18.00 pm 12.45 pm
Baltimore and Washing on 18.00 pm 12.45 pm
Knightstown and Richmond 14.00 pm 12.45 pm
Knightstown and Richmond 14.00 pm 16.15 am
North Ve non and Madison 14.00 pm 16.15 am
Martinsville and Vincennes 14.00 pm 16.15 am
Pittsburg and East 15.10 pm 11.45 am
Pittsburg and East 15.10 pm 11.45 am
Dayton and Xenia 15.10 pm 11.40 ava
Logansport and Chicago 11.20 am 13.25 am Philadelphia and New York ... \*4.50 am \*10.15 pm

From Indianapolis Union Station. Trains leave for St. Louis 7:30 a. m., 11:50

a. m., 12:55 p. m., 11:20 p m. a rains connect at Terre Haute for E. & T. H. points. Evansville sieeper on 11:20 p. m. train. Trains arrive from St. Louis 3:35 a. m., ;40 a. m., 2:50 p. m., 5 p. m., 7:40 p. m. Terre Haute and Greencastle accommodation arrives at 10:30 a. m. and leaves at Sleeping and Parlor Cars are run on through trains. Dining Cars on trains 20

Established 1853.

# Money Saving Is Money Making

How it can be done to-morrow. A few illustra-CLOAKS and FURS, second floor. Another lot of fine JACKETS go on sale Monday at Special Prices.



Ten Styles | Handsome gar-ments, in blue, black, brown and \$10 collar, stylish backs - just such each Jackets Jackets as usually sell for \$12,50.

Elegant Black Beaver Jacket-Worth Collar-tight fitting, handsomely braided at waist, also edged with seal, for \$12.50.

A fine Beaver Cloth Jacket, Worth Collar, trimmed in braid, edged with Mink, for \$13.50—all colors.

Nobby Beaver and Cheviot Jackets, with and without Capes, braided and fur-trimmed, the newest effects, at

Customers tell us the class of Jackets we are selling at \$20 and \$25 each are as good, and in many cases, better than sold elsewhere, at \$25 and

The Special Sale of Children's Gretchen Cloaks continues-\$5, \$6 and \$7 for \$8, \$9 and \$10 garments.

### Furs

Handsome French Conv Capes, bright glossy fur, 22 inches deep, for \$4.25.

Astrakhan Capes, nice curly fur, 22 inches deep, at \$6.75 each.

A 22-inch Electric Seal Cape, close to full fur, at \$10 each.

Best quality Cape, 22 inches deep, long Seal collar, nicely \$19.75 lined.

Best English Seal Cape, 22 inches deep, for \$22.50.

An extra quality English Seal Circular Our Cape, 30 inches deep, Marten collar, extra well price made throughout: regular price from \$40 to \$35 \$45.

Elegant rich Beaver Capes, beautifully lined, 28 inches deep; our early price was \$90; special price \$65, while these

22-inch Otter Capes, now \$50; regular price \$65.

Basement.

packed and will be placed on regular prices of such goods.

MILLINERY -- Second Floor



We place another lot of pretty Trimmed Hats on sale to-morrow at the following prices:

\$1.89 \$4.19 \$5.19 5.69 3.69

Every one of these Hats worth from \$1 to \$2.50 more. The balance of those Tourist Hats, in black, brown, navy green and other colors,

regular price 69c, for 23c each. Wings, Feathers and Birds are marked exceptionally low.

### Dress Goods

36 - inch heavy - weight Homespuns for 19c a yard. Navy Blue Diagonals, 56-

inches wide - heavy, clothy goods, only 29c a yard. Some very pretty two-toned

checked Suitings, 38 inches wide, for 39c a yard. Handsome French Novelty

Suitings, very desirable colorings, 42 inches wide, now 59c a yard, reduced from 75c. A few choice colorings in Silk finish Henriettas, all

wool and our regular dollar quality, for 85c a yard. Just 11 fine Dress Mark'd Patterns in exclu-\$7.49. sive designs and sold for \$12.50.

Infants' and Children's Cloaks. Muslin Underwear Department.

Special reduction sale. Space required for other goods. We expect these prices will sell them all in three days.

\$5.00 Cloaks now \$3.75 \$8.50 Cloaks now \$5.95 \$9.00 Cloaks now \$6.85 \$10.00 Cloaks now \$8.00 \$12.50 Cloaks now \$10.00 \$13.50 Cloaks now \$10.00

These are all stylish, pretty garments of excellent material, handsomely trimmed in braid and fur.

Monday will be

### BLANKET DAY

Read these prices:

Full size Cotton Blankets, 59c a pair. Full size Cotton Blankets 75c a pair. Full size Cotton Blankets, \$1 10 a pair. Extra quality Cotton Blankets, \$1 50 a pair, Full size Scarlet Blankets, \$1.45 a pair. All-wool Scarlet Blankets, \$2.75 a pair. All-wool Grey Blankets, full size, \$3 a pair. White Wool Blankets, #3.75 a pair. While all-Wool Blankets, \$4.25 a pair. Extra size White all-Wool Blankets, \$5.25 a

The actual value of these blankets would raise these prices, but these are for quick

Cotton filled Comforts 98c, The Dr. McNichols world's | worth \$1.25.

fair exhibit of Dinner and | Full - sized cotton - filled Toilet Sets has just been un- Comforts \$1.50, worth \$1.85. Sateen - faced Comforts, sale Monday at about half the turkey - red lining, cottonfilled, for \$2.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO